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LEG SHOW

NOVEMBER 1991 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA

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CLEAN
FEET**

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MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



BLACK LIST

Dear Dian,

I wrote to you a few weeks back, sent photos, and placed an ad. I'm now writing to try to start a service for all the readers who are consistently getting "ripped off." I hope you will print this letter for me and also for them.

I just recently got back into corresponding and trading. I quit a few years back out of frustration, people not answering and at least not returning photos I sent or any of their own. Since starting back, I have sent photos to people that either have not answered, or have answered and not sent any photos, and asked me to send even more. I have sent over 300 hour homemade video to 5 people, and have only heard back from one couple. Losing the photos doesn't cost much, but it's the thought of some asshole out there running a phony ad and ripping the rest of us off that pisses me off. By the same token, losing a video costs the time that you put in to getting the video together, the cost of buying blank tapes, and the high costs of making one first class.

To give an example of one person that is evidently ripping people off, I want to tell you of my experience with him. I wrote to a dad of a supposed lady in N. Tonawanda, NY, and sent a photo. "She" wrote back and said she liked the photo of my wife's face, and wanted to see more of them. She requested that I send more photos and a video, and that

she would send me some of hers. "She" didn't send a photo, only a very short letter. I checked back through the ads in my back issues, and found another "lady" and a guy from the same town that had placed ads in LEG SHOW, with different POB numbers. I wrote back and told "her" about this and told "her" to send a photo in return for ours, and have never heard from "her" again.

In order to help eliminate people like this, I ask your help and the help of fellow LEG SHOW readers. I hope first of all that you will print this letter. I then hope all the readers who have been ripped off will send a list of the names and addresses of folks that have ripped them off. I would also like for them to send a SASE with the list. I will compile the lists, make copies of all the names, and send everyone a full listing back in their SASE. No cost will be involved to anyone but me, and I'll personally pay for making the copies to send out. One thing I'd like to stress is for no one to put anyone's name on the list until at least 30 days have passed since they sent their letters, photos, etc. to the people. I have received some things late due to the fact that people who run ads can get so many letters that it can take several weeks to get them all answered.

Another thing I urge people to do is as you get mail and can't answer it soon, or maybe you don't have the items ready to send, it only takes a few minutes to write and tell the people that it will be a few weeks

before you can get their things to them. It is very simple to do, because I've had to send the same type of letters to people within the last week since I didn't have the type photos that they requested. At least they know that they are not getting ripped off.

I want to say again that LEG SHOW is tips, but you do need to show more bare and stockings to make it!

Thanks,
J & F
POB 297
Greensboro, NC 28729

PANTYHOLES

Dear LEG SHOW:

Just picked up your June '91 issue—what a treat! Marie in pantyhose is hot! It's good to see that you are finally using pantyhose in your photo sessions. My girlfriend and I have been having pantyhose adventures for some time now.

A typical scene involves us at dinner with Jill in a nice dress and light sheer all-the-way hose. I'll drop a look or something and when I go to pick it up I say, "I wonder what color panties you have on." She squeals a little and gives me a quick peek. My hard-on begins.

Then at home I pick up her dress from behind and savor the sight of her ass encased in nylon with her shiny panties bunched up underneath, held tightly by the pantyhose. As she bends over her ass widens and now the panties become as tight as the hose around

her beautiful flesh globes. Pushing her dress up further I see how narrow her waist is, with the nylon band on top of her hose conforming to this beautiful shape. Now I'm pushing my cock in against her crotch, feeling the tightness and smoothness of the nylon. Before long I can't take it so I poke a hole in the hose, push aside the panties, and slide into that wet, hot pussy.

The pantyhose rip a little wider and her ass cheeks are starting to bulge out. As I look down I lose control, feeling that I have fucked my bitch with her clothes on.

I pull her dress down a little and now it really looks like I'm violating her—my cock up her cunt while she's fully clothed, with her dress and slip all bunched up and a nice tear in her hose. She lets out a little scream and pushes her nylon ass towards me hard. I thrust madly and hear her words, "Cmon, baby, come in my hole. Fuck your baby in her dress. Cmon, boy, squirt your load!" I lose it and shoot a big load into her pussy. She falls on the couch, ass hanging out and my juice dripping out of her hole, wetting her panties and pantyhose. A beautiful sight!

We buy a lot of cheap pantyhose! Total sheer are the best and they give an unobstructed view of the panties. Also, check out Loren Dolan's pantyhose videos—after posting, etc., he has the girls show their hose (and panties) up their cunts! Then they slowly pull them out—where!

Robert & Jill

PUTTING HER FOOT DOWN

Dear LEG FORUM:

I am a 32 year old flight attendant, 5'9" tall with a fairly attractive body and face judging from the men who come on to me during a flight. I am happily married so I don't go out with them, but I am also a dedicated and deliberate cock teaser. Nothing gets me more sexually aroused or gives me more satisfaction than sexually teasing a man into an absolute sexual frenzy and then watching him squirm and beg for relief—especially when it's my own husband, Michael. Don't misunderstand, we have a good sex life, but when I get into a teasing mood I turn on my live-in victim and believe me, he does suffer ex-

quisite frustration. Michael is especially susceptible because of his intense fetish for women's stocking feet. Here's what happened last month.

I deliberately denied him sex for one week, then left on a 4-day trip. Needless to say, when I returned the victim was already "climbing the walls" out of frustration. We made small talk about my trip as I crossed my long legs and started to dangle my pump (my pumps and feet were permeated with foot odor, especially since I deliberately wore the same pantyhose for 4 days). Michael tried to concentrate, but he couldn't keep his eyes off my stocking foot, especially when I started to slide it slowly in and out of the pump. I began to allow the pump to slip off and slowly arched my foot, rotated my ankle, and wiggled my long,



pointed stocking toes. Michael developed a tremendous bulge in his pants that started to twitch. I just smiled, slowly slipped my other pump off with my shoeless foot and deliberately placed both sensually size 8's directly in front of him on the coffee table. I leaned back, placed my hands behind my head, crossed my ankles, and methodically wiggled my stocking toes. The poor thing was going nuts! He finally blurted out his frustration and asked, then begged, for sex. I smiled and told him I was too tired, all the while my stocking feet were moving like undulating snakes, slowly uncrossing his torment. "Then at least put your shoes on!" he said. "You know I have a foot fetish!" I laughed out loud and said, "I know!"

At this point he knew I was in one of my sadistic moods and started to beg me to leave him. His pleading only excited me more. I extended my legs, pointed my stocking toes, and placed them just an inch from his nose and wiggled them, laughing. He grabbed himself so masturbate, but I told him that if he did I would deny him sex for a month. He got up to leave, but I told him the same thing—and he knew I meant it! So there he sat, all hot and frustrated and rock hard!

I contained his agony for at least two hours. I made myself a snack and generally pranced around in my stocking feet all the while knowing full well it was driving my poor husband crazy! Finally I told him to stand in front of me. I slowly pulled down his pants and underwear to reveal a huge, throbbing cock with a

gorgeous pink color. He thought I was going to relieve him, but I just smiled and told him that unless he could stand perfectly still for 3 minutes while I fondled him, the 3 minutes would start to run all over again. He begged and pleaded with me not to do this to him, that he had put up with my teasing long enough. I told him I didn't think so. I then proceeded to glide my fingertips and stockings toes lightly over his helpless area. It was impossible for him not to squirm or writhe, so this little game continued for about 30 minutes. Finally while one of my stocking feet was tormenting his cock and balls I slowly masturbated myself through my pantyhose while my husband begged and pleaded some more for relief.

After about 3 hours I finally placed my stocking feet just under his nose so he could smell them and watch them wiggle (but wouldn't let him suck or lick) and masturbated him.

I put him through this sort of thing several times a year and he never knows when or how long my teasing moods will last! I have an "All American" look with a real bitch tease personality! I still enjoy prick teasing strangers, especially on my flights when the foot tease is the most effective. But if you are a true tease, nothing beats having a potential victim available 24 hours a day. Turning your own home into your private cock teasing dungeon is

occasions. I wore a sheer black seamed stocking on one leg and a black fishnet stocking on the other leg. My skirt was black leather, extra short, with a slit high enough up the side of my thigh to expose the flesh above my stocking. I had my favorite heels on, red patent leather (previously shined by my boy, Al) with 5 inch skinny spurs. The type that can make holes in a man's chest. On top, all I wore was a red satin and lace push-up bra which just barely covered my nipples. And, of course, no panties.

Every man's tongue was hanging out as I straddled around the club. Some of them even began to crawl behind me on their hands and

get me even hotter when people are watching me get turned on. I totally lose control of myself and my lust just takes over. I could already feel my pussy wetting my thighs and the seat.

There are always more men at this club than women so there were only a few women standing around to watch, but there were a lot of men. Some were standing up, others were sitting on the floor. I was so horny that I felt a desperate need to have my pussy filled. Mark began to tease me further by sucking on my nipple. My nipples are so sensitive that on several occasions when I was incredibly horny I came just from having them sucked. But Mark knows me long enough and will enough to know how to tease me up until the point of orgasm and then stops the stimulation. In a way, this is frustrating for me, but he knows that by doing this, when I finally cum, it's explosive and I usually have multiple orgasms from that sort of teasing. Sometimes he makes me beg him for awhile before he lets me cum. When I just sat him I was a little shy about this, but these are times now when I want so badly for him to let me cum that I almost cry and then I beg my little heart out.

I could tell already that this was going to be a torturous evening for me. After sucking my nipple long enough to make me weak he removed my other nipple from his mouth and played with and sucked that one. Some of the men already had their cocks out of their pants and were jerking off. When Mark saw that I couldn't sit still any longer he finally put his middle finger all the way into my pussy. I thought I would die, it felt so good. I was waiting for him to start moving his finger in and out, but he whispered in my ear that he was going to keep his hand perfectly still and I would have to move myself back and forth to work my cunt around his finger. I was so hot that I knew I must have looked like a bitch in heat because all of the men and even some of the women were staring at my face. The seat was getting too wet and slippery for me to remain sitting on it so I stood up in front of Mark and he put a second finger inside of me. He held his hand low enough so that I was able to ride up and down easily on his fingers. I lifted up my entire skirt

over my ass and spread my legs wide so that everyone behind me had a great view. I couldn't see them, but knowing that they were there and jerking off was a terrific turn-on.

I saw Mark's hand was soaked with my juices down to his wrist. When he saw that I was dangerously close to cumming he made me stop moving. I saw a wet spot of pre-cum on the bulge of his penis. I removed my cunt from his fingers and sat on his lap facing him. I could tell that he was feeling a little tortured himself, so I opened his zipper and released his cock. I wet my hand with my pussy juices and started to slowly jerk him off. All of a sudden he lifted me up and slowly he made me sit down and slowly he surrounded his cock. God, it felt fucking fantastic! His cock is so large that it seemed to take several minutes rather than seconds for the entire length of it to be completely inside of me. But finally I was sitting all the way on his lap with his cock filling my ass and his balls touching my ass. It felt like heaven.

He made me move up and down as slowly as possible until I was on the verge of cumming. As I've mentioned in my previous letters, Mark never allows anyone to witness my orgasms. We both see my orgasms as an extremely personal expression of my love for him and we feel that nobody deserves to share that with us. Most of the men at this club are such slime that they're lucky to experience what we choose to show them. Even though I wouldn't be cumming until we got home, Mark wasn't about to put his raging hard-on back in his pants and pick up and leave. He had me get down on my knees and suck him off. I started by licking every last drop of my juice off his cock and I paid some extra attention to his balls.

One of my fantasies is to someday be able to deep throat him. Practice makes perfect, so I practice as much as possible. It didn't take much sucking before he shot his hot cum into my mouth. It was a delicious load.

After a few minutes rest we said our good-byes to the other club members and went to our car. On the way home, Mark made me finger myself until I almost came and I did this over and over again during the half-hour drive. I live in

an apartment building and when we got in my elevator Mark turned me around, lifted my skirt and rammed his cock in me from behind. I came immediately and he had to cover my mouth with his hand to muffle my screams. When we got into my apartment the fucking and sucking continued for hours.

If there are any couples or submissive men who live in New York and would like to join us on our visits to clubs, please write to the "Personal Please" section. Mark and I will respond to all.

S.M.

HARD FOR LIMP

Dear Dean

Thanks for the great issue which featured the attractive American girl in "Climpe" traveling an hour. I especially enjoyed it when she had to pull up her skirt and pull down her pantyhose for a nature call in the park. I would enjoy seeing other teasing nature call photos with ladies with their slips and dresses up and nylon panties pulled just past the edge of the john. It seems very sexy when they cover them-

selves with speed full skirts, almost as if they intend to strike a pose of merely sitting in a chair, though they are obviously seated on a toilet or an incontinent.

On another subject, I was interested in the gentleman's letter where he expressed an interest in a feminine leg with a cast on it. That prompted me to think of a sexual fetish that I've had since I was young. Every time I see an attractive young lady on crutches who I know is permanently disabled and will probably spend the rest of her life on crutches, I get an uncontrollable erection. I always end up jerking off several times over the next several weeks when thinking of her dragging her helpless legs, propelled by her upper body, supported by those two inanimate sticks. This is especially true if she has leg braces. I am not turned on by a cast, because it is a temporary injury, from which she will recover. Women in wheelchairs do not have the same effect on me. Nor do women who have had a leg amputated.

I don't know why I am so turned



unbearably fulfilling—especially when you know precisely how to torment your victim to unbelievable frustration! So if you're a tease and married, turn your prick teasing on your spouse and enjoy his agonizing frustration—there is nothing like it!

Barbara
Huntsville, AL

CLUB DATE

Dear LEG SHOW:

It's been a while since I've written Things were a little dry for me here since Mark was in Arizona for a few months. But he returned to New York two weeks ago and the fun and hot times have begun again. We went to our sex club last Saturday night and received a very warm welcome after our long absence.

I dressed up extra special for the

knees. One of them had a collar and leash on and he wanted me to walk him around like a dog, but Mark wouldn't allow it. Whenever we go to this club we always draw a large crowd around us because the regulars there have seen us involved in so many scenes they expect something exciting to happen. We usually don't disappoint them and this night was no exception.

After having a few drinks we became comfortably settled on a cushioned leather bench in the corner of one of the rooms. Al was with us and he was kneeling at my feet in case I should need anything. Mark began kissing me slowly and deeply. He pushed the top of one side of my bra down and began to play with my hand nipple. I was getting so turned on that I was panting and moaning and squirming on the seat. I am an extreme exhibitionist so it



(continued on page 46)

MAN OF THE YEAR

I know many of you read LEG SHOW, and particularly my editorial, in a feminist perspective on your favorite it's comforting, isn't it, in a world where men and women seem at such sexual odds to find a forum where the women understood see the way you do, where they even enjoy sex the way you do. I know some of you have been very fortunate in your private lives. You've found women who you can confide in and share your special sexuality with. You are the envy of all who must live isolated with their sexual secrets.

The sad truth is that men and women transmit their sexual beliefs differently, so that even a brother and sister brought up with the same influences would not mirror each other's sexuality. Male sexuality is primarily formed from visual images around away in childhood, while female sexuality is learned from tactile, or touch, experience, so we will always be different. However, if the world were a perfect place we would all grow up in insulating sexual environments where our parents understood that sexuality is learned in the first few years of life and we would receive the encouragement necessary to turn us into sexually compatible men and women. As it is in our sexually byzantine culture, almost none of us grow up to be what is called normal in the textbooks, neither men nor women. Men, so vulnerable to visual cues, in the shame of their sexual angers, take as what is available on television—usually violence and confusing sexual waste—and grow up with bachelors and kinks. Women tend to get less cues at all and grow up to be sexually repressed, with abnormally low sex drives or organize difficulties. And as long as our culture refuses to address this reality, the sexual beings in every year of our lives we will continue to mature this way in the meantime, thank Godless we have Dr. John Money.

His name may not be familiar to you. He's not a flashy talk show kind of guy. As far as I know he's never been on Oprah, or traded work items with Johnny. He doesn't write glibly but offers on how to make love in the single-symptom or on getting the oil to creep up a blavigny, but John Money knows more about sex as we know it, we and it, than anyone in this country and perhaps in the world. He is a genuine sexologist, a scientist specializing in the

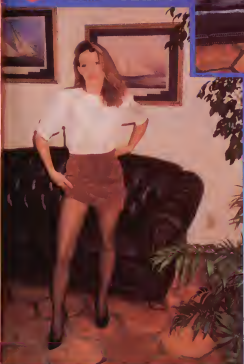
study of sex, and the most courageous man writing on the subject today. So though I know you came to me for the comfort and stimulation of a woman's sexual viewpoint, guys, I urge you to read what this man has to say. He is a champion of human sexual rights, including your right to be the way your circumstances formed you, no matter how "disnormal" that may seem to the self-righteous villains whose repressive culture created and now condemns you. John Money will help you see why you love and last the way you do, and will piece through the blame and shame. His books are a bit scholarly in word choice, but worth working through, even if some disciplinary interference is needed.

What impresses me most about Dr. John Money is that he is unafraid to call early life suppression of an education child abuse. As he points out in his book LOVEMAPS (Bantam Publishing, Inc., New York) we joke and spend freely into every other area of child development, but in this one area so vital to adult functioning and life happiness, we draw the curtains of taboo. We are so quick to condemn and suppress adult "perverts" and yet there is not a single institute of pediatric sociology or adolescent sociology in this country to research the roots of these adults' agonies and offer guidance for our country's youth. If childhood denaturation were regarded the way we regard sexuality most of us would be rootless by 25. I happen to put a higher value on my sexuality than I do any tooth and I fear it's crucial that Americans allow that one form of neglect and then compound the neglect by shaming the adult when the logical results of neglect arose to pass.

My race is only listed here in LEG SHOW, though. John Money has the years of experience, credentials (he is Professor of Medical Psychology, Professor of Psychiatry, Emeritus and Director of the Psychosocial Research Unit at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine) and talent to get his voice to the world. I recommend his book LOVEMAPS as a good starting point, and I list a number of other books by the author. For having the guts to get out there with the truth now and again, I make Dr. John Money my LEG SHOW Man of the Year. Get to know him, guys.

Oh, and Woman of the Year? Why, by anonymous vote, it's me again! Don

CAMMI, AUSTIN, TEXAS

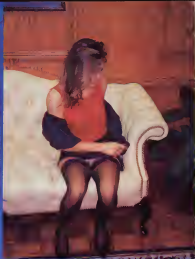


Women is finishing college, preparing to be a veterinarian. She's very athletic, running three miles a day and also doing snow skiing and smoking. Though small and delicate, only 5 foot 4 inches, 104 pounds with measurements of 34-22-34, she is very aware of her feminine power and likes to exercise it. To make her even more dangerous, she's done a small amount of modeling and really knows how to pose her tight young body and especially her beautiful, sharply legs.

"Her favorite beast opportunity is our weekly 'action' date. I take her to fine restaurants and clubs and she dresses really hot to draw me and all the other men crazy. She loves to tease me with her sexuality and I have her to do it!"

—Her Husband, Ben









ELMER
BATTERS

SERENA



How many of you remember a beautiful porn star of the 1970s named Serena? She was one of the first of the real stars, a delicate blonde with perfect features and trademark, inverted nipples. Serena could have taken that pretty face to Hollywood, but she was a naturally nasty girl beyond anyone's control. She was the first porn star to parade her pregnancy in the movies and magazines, renowned for her refusal to shave any of the blonde hair from any part of her body, and known to go anywhere, any time, barefoot. Dan tells me she directed a photo shoot with Serena fifteen years ago for another magazine and she had to pare the thick calluses off the bottoms of her feet with a pocket knife before taking the photos. And Serena cried! 'Don't do that, I'll just have to build them up all over again!' I think I was the first one to put shoes and stockings on her, but then I took these photos before she was in porn and had no idea how big she'd become. If I'd known, I might have had her show those callused feet. What a contrast their hard, thorny surface would be to the elegant star she became!"

—Elmer



VIDEO TAPES

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SORRY!! NO C.O.D.'S or PERSONAL CHECKS

LEG SHOW 17



1

Readers

Here are some photos we want to share with you. Would like to sell or trade? Place ad for Nurse Nancy in Personals

4

5

C&T

Home

PHOTOS

Dear Dan,

Here are some photos of my sexy wife and her sexy shoe collection. I hope your readers enjoy them as much as we enjoyed taking them.

L&S

Chicago, IL

1

2

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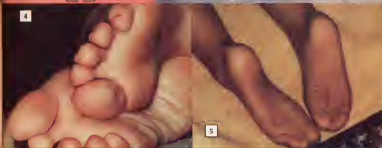
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6



7

Dear Dan
Here are some
photos of my wife
which I think will
knock your hose off! I
would love to see
these in Home
Photos. We love to
fuck while looking at
your mag!

R&M
1630 30th St. Suite 108
Boulder, CO 80301

9

10

11

8

Dear Dan
My wife and I are
hooked on LEG
SHOW. We would
love to hear some of
the comments readers
have about my wife's
photos.

Paul and Lu
P.O. Box 1204
Martinsville, Ia 56151

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20 LEG SHOW



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13

Dear Dan
Enclosed are a few photos of my wife
for Home Photos. I hope your readers
enjoy them as much as the trucker who
was watching us take them.

1 DC

15

16



15



14

Dear LEG SHOW
Enclosed you will find pictures of my
incredibly sexy wife. She is in very good
shape for having had these kids. She
has come to understand my fetish for
heels and hose and now caters to it quite
often. She has recently shaved her
pussy bare and has me from it every
week.

12

13

14

John and Jane
Grand Rapids, MI



16



17



18



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21



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19
18

Dear Dean

I have a fetish for rubber clothing, which my wife also enjoys immensely. We both love the feel and scent of latex. I love to smell her feet when she wears things on a really hot day, also after a day in a clean pair of Keds. I do not like feet that stink. Readers who share our bliss are invited to write

163F

P.O. Box 292
Greensboro, N.C. 27429-0292

Dear Dean

My wife doesn't think her legs are good enough for Home Photos, but I finally convinced her to let the readers be the judge. We like up the skirt hose shots wearing pantyhose with panties on. We'd be happy to hear your comments on our photos or do 1 on 1 photo exchange. Send your photos to us

J.R.

P.O. Box 188
Tupunga, Ca
97043-0188

20 21 22
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25

Dear LEG SHOW

These are pictures of my wife over the last seven years. I would love seeing her photos in print, knowing guys all over are cumming just looking at her

24 25 26

C&G
Barnier, Mo



26

AMANDA
SWEET
DREAMS





I know a lot of you dream about girls who are young and petite with sweet tiny feet. Not all of you want tall, long legged girls who abuse you. Some would like a girl who knows how to use her feet, a girl like me.

"I'm only 5'2" and my feet are size seven. I don't mind being short at all because I love to be treated like a little girl by a big pampering daddy. And just like a little girl, I love to please my daddy too. That means dressing in pretty things, lace lemurane clothes and wearing sexy make-up that says, 'This is a girl'.

"Do you like my lace leggings? My naughty secret is that I'm not wearing any panties underneath. I dressed up in

this outfit to go on a date with one of my daddies and he was so excited. He didn't realize until we got to the restaurant that some of that overly pattern over my crotch was actually sweetie public hair. I opened my legs as we sat at our table and invited him to take a peek under the table cloth. He was so red when he came up for me! I told him to slip his shoe off and tickle my pussy through the stretch lace with his big toe. It felt so good my pussy made a big wet spot on the lace and he could feel it eating his toe as he pushed it into my pussy through the stretchy fabric. Boy, was his dick hard! I knew it was because I'd slipped my own



shoe off and put my little foot in his lap.

"My toes may be sort of small and pudgy but they're very flexible. I wrapped them right around his big bower and started jerking him through his pants. Oh, he got so red then! He's almost fifty years old and I was afraid he was going to have a heart attack right there. His toe in my pussy was making me so excited I just had to touch his penis, through, and when I felt the pre-cum soaking through his pants onto my foot my breathing came fast and hard. I had to taste myself on his toe, to give in to my own need to satisfy daddy's feet. Thankfully my youth makes me very agile. I twisted sideways and still jerking him with my foot I ducked my head under the table. Pulling his foot from my

pussy, I wrapped my warm lips around his cunt soaked big toe and started to suck.

"It was too much for the poor thing. He grabbed my foot and rubbed it hard against his cock three times and shut off in his pants. The hot cum soaking through the fabric onto my toes triggered my orgasm and I'm a screamer. When my wads came out from under that table every waiter in the place came running. Seeing our bare feet and juice stained clothes they figured it out pretty fast and it took a lot of money from daddy's wallet to quiet them down.

"That's just one of the really fun things I've done with my daddies. Maybe I'll get to come back and tell you some more."



KAREN:



You know how much fun it is to play games in sex? Well, I was playing this little "spanking game" with a guy recently. We weren't doing it regular anything, just playful paddling, first with him over my knees. He said his cock was getting hard and how good it slipped down between my thighs when we slicked each other. So he was asking me to spank harder and I realized that he was using such strokes as an excuse to thrust his penis through my stockings! Finally, masturbating himself against my legs. I couldn't believe how hard he'd gotten and started spanking him a little lower, slapping the swollen base of his cock, where it curved up into his asshole. He gasped and squealed and shot a big wet load of cum all over my stockings.

He told me that he'd "lost" at being lightly spanned right on that place between his balls and asshole, so suggest he couldn't help but cum and it got me really horny, so I asked to trade places with him.

and now he spanked and spanked and at last he spanked his legs left. I kept spreading my legs a little wider and I caught wider than his hand so it falling directly on my cunt and asshole and boy that's what shot through me! It was as if someone was riding was on him and I rode it myself and I kept wanting more. He could see what was happening and switched to slapping me. I kept with a ruler but not so far away from my buttocks. He used it parallel to my crack, rubbing my cunt and asshole together. My legs were pulsing with delight and I begged him to put something up there. He picked up a slender crystal pepper shaker and eased it up there, slapping a little pulse with the ruler. And my cunt! Something up my cunt, so I cried nearly delirious. The pepper shaker slid up there effortlessly.

"Now each tip made the plug thrust into my cunt



and ass and I felt as if I was being double fucked and disciplined for the naughtiness of it at the same time. I locked my legs around his and felt immobilized then as if I was also helpless to escape. I was desperately close to orgasm.

"That's when I felt my friend's cock slithering me in the crutch. It had awakened from my passion and he was pulling the shakers from my toes. 'No!' I wailed, wanting so bad to cum, when he replaced the plug in my ass with a far bigger one, his bloated cock. As he pummeled my ass, forcing it open to accept, but he continued spanking my cunt with the ruler. It didn't take much. I came with a shriek, just as his cock speared into my tight asshole, his thrusts forcing the cum to splutter out around his phallic tool."





I've kept an upping the thought of surprise in the
evening in my dressing room.
I keep thinking about sex, mainly, with women,
how to do it, how to be playful, but then I
think, also, do you really want to be sexy? Why not
just be a woman? I think I'm going to be a
woman.

MAR-HA



Say, what would you do to get my stocking toes in your mouth? Would you clean my house? Would you wash all my dirty clothes? Would you wash six months of dirty stockings by hand after pre-roasting them in your mouth? Hmmm, now I see we're getting a reaction out of you. Would you perhaps suck the week's accumulated secretions from this g-string I'm wearing right now? You would? Even if I told you I'd been



fucked by four different men with really big penises who came in valleys of hot, thick cum up my cunt, which I say, it drenched out? And then I put the g-string on right over my dripping, swollen, cum-stuffed cunt and let it soak up the flow until just the friction of my thighs rubbing lightly together made a cloud of cum arise down my legs to seal my stocking tops? These very stocking tops? And of course all that out of my g-string and masturbate the whole time so I'd know how much you loved it?

"Then I might let you suck my stocking toes. Of course, you haven't heard what's soaked into these stocking toes. It was all part of an experiment. I usually wear only clean stockings every day, and clean pumps to go with them. Then my girlfriend slipped her shoes off when we were both in the shoe store and I noticed a very strong odor coming from her feet. I mean, it made my eyes water and I couldn't help but mention it. 'Oh,' she laughed, 'That's for my husband. When he's good I wear my stockings for two or three weeks without washing them. He's been especially good lately so I've worn these for three and a half weeks and he gets so love my feet tonight. That's why I'm getting the new shoes!'

"What an intriguing idea! I hadn't realized men could like a smell that strong, but as I grew accustomed to it I had to admit it was very sexy smelling. If a man would be married eleven years could be aroused the way my friend said her husband was by stocking smell, just think what it could do to fresh conquests!

"And that's how I came to be with four strange men with my g-string hanging from one ankle and my stockings soaked in cum and saliva. I wore my own stockings for two weeks straight and then went back to the shoe store where I'd seen a distinctive bulge in the pants of my friend's salesman on our previous visit. He had some friends staying with him and they were all stocking toe lovers who couldn't hold back their loads from either my cunt or stocking toes when they got a whiff of my foot.

"But now my stocking toes are so stiff from all the dried saliva and I can't wear them cleaned. Along with my g-string. Do you think you could do the job?"





LEG SHOW LETTERS

(continued from page 7)

on by such thoughts. I am not sadistic about enjoying people's orthopedic handicaps. In fact, I give to Shriners' Hospital. I will be happy for the day when all persons (men, women, boys, girls) can throw away crutches, braces, wheelchairs and walkers and walk by themselves. It is great that polio has all but disappeared.

When I started college in the early sixties there were many students who had been disabled by polio. I remember several girls on crutches with leg braces who prompted a number of hard-on sessions and hand jobs from yours truly back at my dorm. One was a pretty, willowy blonde who always wore skirts and seemed to glide as she swung her lifeless, braced legs on her crutches. Another was a pretty girl with reddish-brown hair who also wore skirts most of the time.

This obsession is still with me,

just as strong today. Three years ago, as a part of my job, some co-workers and I had occasion to visit a hospital. We were talking shop over lunch in the cafeteria. Suddenly, an attractive, young white-uniformed, red-headed lady came hobbling in on her crutches. She wore a skirt that stopped above her knees. She didn't have braces, but I could tell that her legs were useless since they hung limply every time she swung them on her crutches while going to the table. I was lucky my lap was hidden under the table where I was seated.

This is an obsession which I have kept hidden, since I fear ridicule. I've never told anyone about it, but it permeates my thoughts every day. I'm a lousy artist, but I was finally able to draw a picture of a beautiful blond with a very feminine white blouse and pink, full skirt, ruffled light blue slip showing, with long leg braces and crutches. When a newspaper insert featured a picture of a teenage poster girl for spina braid, with only her upper body showing, supported on arm crutches, I cut out and extended the drawing—legs, braces and crutches—

so I could get a complete picture.

I don't think I'm a sicko. My fantasy does not include forcing myself on a helpless woman, or even usually having sex. What I often think of is mostly massaging the legs up to the thighs when she is wearing stockings or panty hose, or looking up their dresses at the full length of legs and braces. Often, I think of the wind catching their skirts when they are swinging their legs, helpless to let go of their crutches and pull the dress back down. One thought which really turns me on is the pretty girl who decides to attend a formal dance and wears a short, formal, very feminine dress in spite of her handicap. The thought of her beautiful, strong upper body swinging those helpless, braced legs under that delicately feminine outfit drives me wild! So does the thought of her gathering up her skirt and slip and pulling down her stockings and panties in the restroom to answer a nature call. (Sorry about combining fantasies.)

I believe that my obsession stems from the idea that legs are an integral part of a girl's sexuality. Seeing them totally helpless, supported by metal or wooden sticks when we're taught that women are supposed to bounce along on high heels to be sexy, could be part of the reason for this fixation. I've known several handicapped men and women, and I always treat them as I would anyone else. I realize that I could just as easily be in their situation.

If you could consider a picture of the fantasy I describe for your magazine, I would be grateful. Playboy once had a beautiful blond, but she was in a wheelchair. A woman faking a handicap would not do either. There are a number of attractive women who are permanently on crutches. Maybe one would be willing to pose. Surely I am not the only guy with this fantasy!

LEG SHOW is the first magazine that has made me feel comfortable about admitting my fantasies. I think you've done those of us with out-of-the-ordinary fantasies a great service. Thank you, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
L.B.
Illinois



BRENDA:
*Cold Cruel
World*



I don't want to take care of myself and I'm not schooled to say it. It's such a cold cruel world out there and I've lived such a sheltered life, so there's anything wrong with me not wanting it to change? I could be out there getting knocked around, learning to be tough and independent, but I'd rather stay soft and dependent, and so what if I never amount to anything in the outside world; I could be a lot to some strong man in his inside world.

"You wouldn't even have to buy me any outdoor clothes. Lots of beautiful silky lingerie is all I need as long as I'm going to be a homebody. You'd have to make all the money, but I could make it very worth it for you when you come home from a hard day at the office."

"You come in the front door and here I am, all perfumed and freshly made up in rice and lipstick and sultry dark eye shadow. My breasts are cupped in a wispy black lace bra and a garter belt of the same lace holds my black stockings fast on my long, shapely legs. My feet are perched on high black heels and a flimsy g-string hugs my cunt. 'Darling,' I say, 'I've been waiting for your orders all day. How can I serve you?' You know I mean it and that I will do whatever you ask, as I have proved myself many times in the past. But someday when you tell me to strip for you, as I love displaying my body while you relax and stroke your cock, I lovingly strip you down to your underwear first and bring you a drink and



some oil so you'll be comfortable during my performance and ready to masturbate. Then I start my nose-

"The rich fragrance of my cunt lets you know how much I enjoy stripping for you. I ease my little panties down over my ass and throw them to you. You hold them to your nose and stroke your cock hard. By the time I'm down to my soft bare skin your cock is standing proudly, the veins pulsing. It's all I can do to keep my mouth off it. You let me know it's not my mouth you want, though. You want my feet and I'm quick to oblige. Sitting on the floor before you I take the oil and rub it well into my toes and soles. Cocking my knees, I bring my feet up to surround your penis and how my pussy drips when I feel you throbbing between my soles! With the practiced strokes you taught me, I stroke you closer and closer to climax. 'Please, oh please,' I can't help begging. 'Please cum on my feet, I want you so bad all over my sweet clean feet!'

"Then I feel it! Your hot cum is squirting out, splashing my legs and soaking my feet, I keep pumping until I've milked it all out and then, trembling with the excitement, I bring my toes to my lips and suck all your delicious nectar up, while my own orgasm engulfs me.

"Just think about it, I'm sure someone out there could get into this."





HEATHER:

LOOK
AT
ME



It's been going on for as long as I can remember. I'm one of those women who will do anything for attention, particularly sexual attention. I come from such a boring, small town and there just wasn't any way to find excitement, unless I made it myself. It started with my bicycle.

I liked to ride in a little skirt with split crotch panties underneath. You couldn't buy panties like that in my town so I made them myself by splitting the crotch panel. Then I pulled my lips through the split and rubbed them 'til they were red and swollen. Now I was ready to ride! It was an easy trick for me to flip up my skirt when I passed a likely victim and give him a beautiful flash of my engorged cunt bursting through my panties. I'd have to pedal really hard after a flash, squishing my cunt from side to side so the bike seat would a big orgasm dressed my tension away.

"The tension never seemed to completely go away, though. Flashing made me want more and more attention. Soon I'd discarded the panties altogether and flashed my bare cunt boldly, letting them see that I was pulling my skirt up just for their appreciation. I even installed a rearview mirror on my bike so I could look back and see their shocked expressions as I pedaled away. When my newfound passion led me to throw up my gown and flash the entire graduating



LEG SHOW

class of my junior college, from the stage no less, I knew I'd grown too big for my home town.

"So I took my act to Chicago, the Windy City, along with a suitcase full of loose skirts. Oh, the fun I had here! In summer when the winds blow and I love to wear my skirts over absolutely nothing but my long lightly oiled legs and bare pussy lips! No sex can compare. It's like an orgy, since I can expose myself to many men and women in a single day and seeing their shocked and aroused expressions is like having little sex with each one. I'm so excited by the time I get home I throw myself on the bed and spread my legs wide. In seconds I reach my first orgasm, rubbing my clit while I stroke my soft thighs with the other hand. Over the next couple of hours I'll cum many times, with my hand and with various



kind of plug, up my cunt and ass. If I'm with a man it's even more intense... and I'll use his cock till it's exhausted.

"Most of you won't understand my feelings, I know. But for me, this life is completely satisfying... and I love it. It's truly counts."





LEG SHOW





EMPRESS VICTORIA'S BREEDING FARM

In Female Captivity, Release Is Hard To Cum By.

By Greta Pommmer

The big male knelt obediently, in absolute silence, in the hushed and darkened room. His huge shoulders and heavily muscled arms were clasped tightly behind him. The defined muscles of his thighs and buttocks were tensed in expectation. His head was bowed in a universal posture of extreme deference. Between his legs, his penis loomed huge, even in the repose of its semi-quiescent state. His scrotum hung low, his phallus like testicles clearly defined in their shaven sack.

He tensed, muscles trembling with expectation, and listened intently. Footsteps sounded in the tiled floor of the antiseptic corridor beyond the locked door. The footsteps drew nearer. The male tensed slightly, his every sense—so deprived in the darkened room—now attuned absolutely to the sounds outside his door. "Yes! It was time!" His heart lurched with joy when his own identified the dainty click of two sets of high-heeled footsteps coming nearer. His pulse quickened. Between his legs, his penis began slowly to lengthen and thicken until it lifted, purple, bloated and erect. A key turned in the lock of his door and it opened. The light went on. The kneeling male kept himself motionless, his head bowed and his eyes averted.

A young woman's voice giggled. "Ooh, look! This one's ready for his milking, that's for sure!" Look at him, Priscilla. Have you ever seen a breeding farm male with a penis so big?" Two sets of high heels clicked closer. The male glimpsed the shining pointed toe of one woman's pump just beyond his shoulder. He did not move his head in his eyes. The big male sensed that the one identified as Priscilla squatted behind him. She cooed and asked over the size of his penis.

Then what he was longing for hap-

pened. He felt a hand boldly caress him between his legs, reaching through tears behind under his bare buttocks. It was a knowing hand, a warm hand. The hand grasped his penis firmly to pull it down and backward. A low grunt of helpless excitement escaped him then. The young woman feeling his penis giggled. Her partner came around and stood in front of the big male. His eyes swept from the dainty pointed toes of her seven-inch-heeled black pumps, up across the tops of her highly arched feet, to linger on the promising curves of her pretty ankles and calves. A spotless white apron hem began at her knees.

The hand between the big male's legs released his penis, which snugged forward to slap meatily against his abdomen. A thin three-dike string of arousal dripped from the tip of the organ to glimmer against the leotard muscles of his bare thigh. The woman, leotard hand gripped his scrotum. He gasped as his testicles were coolly weighed in a warm cooing palm before being abruptly dropped to rest on to his between his legs once again.

The young woman who had been assuming his spoke. Her soft soprano voice was pitched high and very sweet. "Give me some of the oil, Natscha, and I'll rub it into his penis. The second-shift masturbation team is getting drier and now." The young lady laughed and the big male felt gentle, teasing fingers thrummingly oil his prostate. All the while his fevered eyes remained locked on the dainty pumps of the other woman who

stood at front of him. Her shoes were cut so low and stylishly that he could see the stars of the tiny clats between the bases of her toes. The only sound in the room was the liquid squishing sounds of the oiled hand that casually worked between his legs. Soon the task of the guiding hands was complete and the young woman abandoned him, locking the door behind them.

Beyond the hooded ventilator fan that filled the high window of the room in which the male knelt, the lawns of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were bathed in the peaceful sunlit glow of a later summer afternoon. The immaculate grounds adjoined the equally pristine campus of the Southeast Scientific College for Young Ladies. The revolution, when it had come, had been nearly instantaneous and all pervasive; women now controlled the economic and political affairs of the world. Men were treated kindly and educated enough to handle basic low-level functions of society. The males were used for sexual pleasure had all been sterilized. Two large genetic engineering facilities controlled reproduction via artificial insemination. Males were bred with the massively muscled bodies and girthy physiques that women desired; but mentally, they were bred to be humble and mellow, and taught to obey females unthinkingly from their earliest infancy. The stunning ego of the masculine male was a thing of the past.

The male cows of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were regularly mastur-

"The human male cows were regularly milked by young coeds."

hosed by beams of young women recruited from the nearby college. Resistant heads were tilted into the male used for artificial insemination, every aspect of the formal connection procedure was carefully calculated to stimulate their latent libidinous tendencies, to coax from their loins a little load of maximum quantity and motility.

Cassie came set nervously on a low bench in Manhattan's Charging Suite 14. She surveyed herself in the mirror before her. Her dark, straight, waist-length hair framed her face in a way both suggestive and elegant. She purred like full, pouty lips and turned her head to flip a dark wayward lock from her eyes. Cassie giggled. "She couldn't help it. Her costume was so beautiful."

She wore the strangest dress she had ever seen. It was fashioned of tight black rubber and extended from a high collar at her neck to knee-length. Actually, it was full upper, half dress. Its sleeves were long, but Cassie's arms were covered anyway in matching black shoulder-length gloves. Cassie's pretty legs were graced by ankle-tight stockings with large reinforcement patches cupping her perfect toes and her heels as well. Cassie crossed her legs and wiggled her stockings foot, arching and pointing her gleamy nylon toes in the mirror in front of her.

It all started when she and Dawn Faircloth saw the advertisement for masturbation in the campus newspaper. They snickered over it for a long time. They had both been sitting outside the Reunite Studios building watching a female supervisor rub sunscreen oil on the genitals of some of her male lawn care, who worked raked. A lot of pretty young college guys were lying around, snoring at the spectacle. Anyway, she and Dawn had actually gone through with it. To Cassie's disappointment, Dawn had been assigned to a different masturbation room. On well Cassie pointed, pointing one long roven strand of her hair between her gleaming rubber-gloved fingertips as she braided her foot up and down.

And now the show! Cassie unrolled her legs and pointed her toes, sleeping them into the gleaming black pumps at her feet. The sn-ach heels of the unbearable shoes intimidated her a bit, but intrigued her as well. Cassie stood up, the muscles of her pretty calves and thighs flexing a little at the unconscious sensation of pectonates

balance. Cassie laughed. With her gloved hands on her trim hips, she stratted back and forth before the mirror, almost tottering in the delicately feminine posture. Cassie had to admit she adored the way this bizarre, tiptoe posture emphasized the curves of her hips and bottom.

Two laughing young women entered the room from the far door and out-lapped on the opposite end of the long, changing bench. They were dressed identical to Cassie. They nodded to her in a polite and friendly way and gracefully slipped off their sn-ach heels to rub their stockings feet. "Did you see the load that the male on level four squirted this afternoon?" a pretty blond masturbator inquired of her friend.

They lay back on a lot of peeing laughter. The other girl collected herself and replied, "I got on my stockings and still filled the bottle so full, I doubt there's enough liquid nitrogen in the entire lab to freeze it all!"

"Fish and it's your fault too!" her friend accused. "You got him so excited cause you had him lick your pumps first. The cow line doing that before their milkage!"

Cassie peered before the mirror, her pretty mouth set in an "O" that conveyed a mixture of prurient distaste and fascination. A moment later the door behind her opened, the senior masturbator of Cassie's level, Noreen Britt, stepped into the changing room.

"Ready, Cassie?" the tall young woman inquired. "How do the pumps feel? I know they take a little getting used to, but the male squirt big loads when we're wearing them. Let's go. I bet you're a little nervous. I know I was the first night I masturbated the males!"

Cassie laughed, moving immediately to Noreen's outgoing autocholine. She followed Noreen down the hall. Noreen had her pump the liquid nitrogen cart, which also contained a foot-activated action pump and the masturbator sometimes used instead of their hands. Cassie was grateful, holding the push bar of the cart while walking in her sn-ach pumps that much easier. She was flushed and excited as they walked down the hall, virtually prancing in their exuberantly stylish pumps. Their bottoms wiggled and their calves flexed with each moving step.

Cassie was a conscientious girl and tried not to think of what she and Noreen would soon be doing to the male cows in the masturbation rooms.

Her cheeks burned hot as she thought of actually holding a big penis in her little gloved fist and flogging the sperm right out of it. Noreen, her rubber dress, Cassie's nipples began to erect, and her breathing grew more rapid in anticipation. She closed herself for her wickedly wandering mind and determined to be a perfect model of propriety and modesty, no matter what her new job might entail. Cassie set her pretty mouth in an expression she intended as prim, but was rather a little lecherous and suggestive instead.

Noreen pointed out the landmarks to Cassie as they passed them. "This is the west wing, Cassie. We're on level three." Cassie noticed the numbered doors that lined the long corridor, dozens of them on each level. "The male on this level have already been masturbated this evening, Cassie," Noreen continued. "We're taking the elevator up to level five. The last shift masturbators team left off with 537. We'll begin by masturbating the male in 518."

Cassie's heart thudded. She looked down at her fashionably clad feet as they clicked along the smooth floor. Her little secretary of the tied floor. Her little feet looked elegant in the black pumps that made each step a precise, tiptoe wiggle. Noreen looked at Cassie as they waited for the elevator and decided she liked her new partner. "Oh Cassie, one more thing. The males are rigidly trained to keep their hands locked behind their backs. It's not to be cruel to them—don't worry. We have teams of female masturbators that of them and keep them aroused so semen production will stay high. We train them like that because they would be constantly masturbating and wasting their sperm otherwise."

When Noreen and Cassie stepped off the elevator, they almost bumped into a team of two snoring masturbators. The stimulation giggled. "They're all ready for you," the lead masturbator purred with a pretty dimpled smile. "The cow in 518 is cooing pre-cum all over himself. I thought for a second there he was going to blow his load in Procladine land!" She let go of him just in time. Noreen laughed. Cassie and the assistant masturbator, Procladine, both blushed, they recognized each other, since they shared the same Chemical French language class at the college.

Cassie licked her lips as she accompanied Noreen to the door of masturbation room 518. Noreen opened it with her master key and Cassie followed her in, pushing the liquid nitrogen cart. Cassie stopped, shut the door behind her and then wheeled the cart over beside the kneeling male. Cassie couldn't keep her eyes off his big, lecherous scrotum, clamping down between his knotted thighs.

(continued on page 85)

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GLORI ANN:

My Three Husbands



I just didn't know you cared! After my first appearance in the November '90 issue I got so many letters. Who would have thought so many men would like a cruel faithless wife like me! After I told how I wish my husband sit in the closet and masturbate while he watches me screw other men on our marriage bed, and suggested I might like to find a good husband to join him in the closet I got acres of letters. Of course some were from men who'd like to fuck me, while my husband could only watch and empty his seed onto the closet walls. Reading aloud to my husband their descriptions of how they'd spread my legs wide and ravage my gaping cunt with their adulterous cocks made him quiver in fear and shame. Watching me masturbate as I fantasized fucking them, while giving him only a soiled pair of panties to shoot his cum into, increased his humiliation until he was begging me to actually follow through. You see, he's so well trained he can only imagine watching me get fucked now, not doing it. I jerked him off to quiet him because all these other letters were filling my attention.



mouth open. I was considering a quick get-away when I noticed the furrow wrinkle from the cop's brow and a smile came over his face.

"Y'all follow me," he said. "I know a good spot to do this kinda thing." Who was gonna argue? The cop said his name was Charlie. Catherine's husband and his name was Eddie. I just tagged along as Charlie led us down the levee to the Nicholls Street Wharf.

"This place is deserted on the weekend," Charlie explained as he unlocked the gate and led us through the warehouse out to the wharf. "They got some cotton bales over there." Charlie pointed toward the edge of the wharf tied to the river. "That'll be a good spot."

Eddie became very excited at this point and kept saying, "OK, OK." Catherine moved to the cotton

Eddie back and away so he could get both of them in the picture. I followed suit as Charlie began to stack some uniform and equipment on an empty bale. I took the time to change socks and put on a new 36-cupsure bra. I took a couple minutes for Charlie to align his pants, underwear and his black and white minnies, before he was standing naked in front of Catherine.

The man was huge, and his dick fit his proportions. Flashed, shined, it looked angry and ready. Charlie climbed up with Catherine and sat next to her with his legs spread. Catherine took charge, yanked his large black bra away. She pulled him up and pinned him to the ground, then sat on him, and then kneeling, then she sat him up and straddled him, face to face.

Charlie's hands moved to her breasts, and I knew his penis was

erect. I was in the picture. I followed suit as Charlie began to stack some uniform and equipment on an empty bale. I took the time to change socks and put on a new 36-cupsure bra. I took a couple minutes for Charlie to align his pants, underwear and his black and white minnies, before he was standing naked in front of Catherine.

Eddie changed socks and then moved over. When I looked back he was naked. Charlie pulled up with Catherine and sat next to her with his legs spread. Catherine took charge, yanked his large black bra away. She pulled him up and pinned him to the ground, then sat on him, and then kneeling, then she sat him up and straddled him, face to face.

Charlie's hands moved to her breasts, and I knew his penis was

"The wind lifted her flowered dress, she wasn't wearing panties."

bales without further instruction. She unbuttoned her dress, removed it completely, and dropped it behind her. Then she climbed onto the first bale and sat cross-legged, facing us.

Eddie was snapping pictures immediately. I started, too, as Catherine moved around atop the cotton. She threw her legs around in different positions, played with her breasts for our camera, fiddled her nipples. Then she lay back on the bale and opened her legs. Eddie moved in for a close-up between his wife's legs and then gave way for me to get a close-up of her wide-open pussy.

Catherine stood up and posed. Still in her heels, she looked so fine up there, with a breeze from the river blowing through her long hair. Spreading her feet wide, she turned her back to us, and bent at the waist to look at us through her open knees. Eddie and I got some great shots of her pussy and ass. I kept noticing how Catherine worshiped the cop as she moved around. Charlie gave her a good looking-over, but made a few hungry sounds when she changed poses. Reclining on the bale, Catherine asked Charlie, "Care to pose with me?"

"Don't mind if I do," the eager cop said as he began to remove his shirt

breasts, and I knew his penis was ereced and the cock was in his pants. He was a good boy, both while we began to gyrate her hips, rubbing her pussy against his erection. Catherine closed her eyes and moaned. Charlie's eyes remained open as he, in the sight of the beautiful naked woman, got her better shot to nail.

Both Eddie and I were hungry now. I was right there in the perfect position to rub Catherine's breasts to make her pussy up and down the length of Charlie's huge dick. Then the rose and moved her pussy up to the tip of the dick and came. I took a couple seconds, but the time, every inch of it. Charlie let out a sigh, and Catherine let out a moan and they were at it, big time, right there on the cotton bale, while Catherine's husband and I looked on.

"Oh, God!" Catherine cried out. "So, you love it, don't you?" "Yes, you answered her back better. Fucking, I don't want to be like you."

"That's what I'm doing, white girl."

They pumped away and got loud against the moans. Catherine cried out twice again and grabbed Charlie, who kept moving me like a pinwheel.

erect. I was in the picture. I followed suit as Charlie began to stack some uniform and equipment on an empty bale. I took the time to change socks and put on a new 36-cupsure bra. I took a couple minutes for Charlie to align his pants, underwear and his black and white minnies, before he was standing naked in front of Catherine.

Eddie changed socks and then moved over. When I looked back he was naked. Charlie pulled up with Catherine and sat next to her with his legs spread. Catherine took charge, yanked his large black bra away. She pulled him up and pinned him to the ground, then sat on him, and then kneeling, then she sat him up and straddled him, face to face.

Charlie's hands moved to her breasts, and I knew his penis was ereced and the cock was in his pants. He was a good boy, both while we began to gyrate her hips, rubbing her pussy against his erection. Catherine closed her eyes and moaned. Charlie's eyes remained open as he, in the sight of the beautiful naked woman, got her better shot to nail. Both Eddie and I were hungry now. I was right there in the perfect position to rub Catherine's breasts to make her pussy up and down the length of Charlie's huge dick. Then the rose and moved her pussy up to the tip of the dick and came. I took a couple seconds, but the time, every inch of it. Charlie let out a sigh, and Catherine let out a moan and they were at it, big time, right there on the cotton bale, while Catherine's husband and I looked on.

"Oh, God!" Catherine cried out. "So, you love it, don't you?" "Yes, you answered her back better. Fucking, I don't want to be like you."

"That's what I'm doing, white girl."

They pumped away and got loud against the moans. Catherine cried out twice again and grabbed Charlie, who kept moving me like a pinwheel.

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DELILAH:



ALICE O'NEILL

BARE

ESSENTIALS





I paid to have my own photos taken. The guy was a wedding photographer, never did anything like this before. Didn't have any props or anything, just took me in his living room and said, 'Go wherever it is you're going to do,' and got ready to take pictures. And I did my stuff.

"When I brought the photos in I was told they didn't look very professional. My photos may not, but I do, and they had to agree and buy my pictures. I am a pro, you see I'm a professional dick enlarger, orgasm expediter and cum drafter, the Supreme Grand Mistress of Masturbation. And don't you dare call me a whore because I have never touched a dick for money in my life. Why should I? I can get you off and get your money without having to touch your cock. I do the teasing, you do the jerking. Is that safe sex or what?

"It's so easy with you older, 'settled down' guys. You don't really want an affair, do you? A sexy pink tease like me would totally fuck up your secure successful life. One dip of your dog in my tight, wet warm, elastic young cunt and you'd be my slave. Your wife would leave you, your kids would hate you and you'd probably spend so much time groveling between my downy thighs you'd lose your job. Then I'd dump you for my next home wrecking wham. So whacking it is where it's at, right? Keeps just the right amount of space between us while fulfilling that deep, gnawing middle need. And I'd be so happy to pose my supple nineteen year old body while you masturbated. My feet are plump and healthy at this age and have no problems standing for hours in pencil thin five inch



spikes. I like the way my calves get curvy and my soft little pink ass pokes out when I'm in heels. You'd love to pull your cock as I minned around in circles, making my ass quiver fleshly. When I bend over and peek at you coyly between my legs, my cheeks spreading as I bend to expose my fragrant little brown asshole, I know you'd have to fight to hold your cum back. You can't cum yet, though. I'll put my hand over my asshole and not let you take another peek until you make me happy. A girl needs money to live, you know, just like a man like you needs masturbation. So give Delilah what she needs now or the show can't go on. Here, I'll kick off my shoe and you can fill it with cash, as soon as you take a deep deep snuff of the warm moist leather interior.

"Doesn't that make you feel generous? Just slip your money in and I'll slip my foot back in the shoe, your nice warm money there against my little foot. Now I'll take my hand off my asshole and open my pussy nice and wide to show you how wet the sight of a man stroking his cock can make a young girl. Shoot for me, baby. You've earned it and we both need it."







A
R
NIA
&
PEARL

*Wilder
Thangs*





In my first layout I told you what a wild thing I am, how I just got to challenge the limits of every man's kink potential. Well now I'm back with an even wilder challenge, two on one. We look just like sisters, don't we? Pearl and I like to capitalize on that, like to use our mirror image look to feed up a man's imagination, boost his hormone output, build a boner on him that will last through whatever we do to him until we're



both completely satisfied. Both meaning me and Pearl of course. It ain't in the law of nature for us to be caring about the satisfaction of our male toy. And since we recognize ourselves as wild animals, savage sexual beasts, the laws of nature are the only laws we obey.

"The other night we dressed in our tight little spandex minidresses and went clubbing. Mm um, you should





have seen us wiggling our tight putting butts on the dance floor 'til our dresses rode all the way up to our thighs. We stuck our butts way out and humped 'em around with Pearl's thick bush sticking out and my shaved lips gleaming all wet and just swollen for the world to see. This horny little Chinese guy grabbed my lips and started grinding his groin right up against my bare lips and when I pushed him off my juice was smeared all over the outline of his stiff dick on the front of his pants. We decided he was the night's toy.

"We played with his penis through his pants all the way to his apartment to get him under our spell. Then as soon as the door shut behind us it was play time. He was surprisingly easy to wrestle to the floor and handily wriggled when we

ted our sweaty feet over his face with one of Pearl's week old stockings. We'd stuffed her other stocking in his mouth before tying our feet over his nose, which is maybe why he didn't make much noise. Then I slit his pants off with my cute little switchblade. 'Don't twitch, now,' I warned, digging my toes into his face, 'I'd hate to cut your dick before I got to use it.' Then Pearl and I stripped away the rags that had been his clothes and played penis pong. That's where we slap his penis back and forth between us using our spiky heels as paddles. When that made him debble pre-cum I used one of my stockings around the base of his cock to keep him from cumming too soon.

"Since he was now in a position where he couldn't cum no matter how much he wanted to, we decided to make ourselves cum. We took turns squatting over his swollen purple cock and fucking ourselves to

violet orgasms. Over and over his cock writhed and his balls tensed in a strangled attempt to shoot their load, but my stocking tourniquet held him in check. Of course we had to untie our feet from his face to fuck him, but I kept the stocking in his mouth and one over his eyes to keep him under control.

"At last we had enough and after a snack from his refrigerator and a shower in his tub we dressed and prepared to leave. 'Oh, we almost forgot our stockings,' Pearl giggled. And so we had. They were still blinding, gagging and cock-controlling our toy. Pearl pulled hers from his face and put them on. Last, I untied mine from around his twitching, still hard cock and gave him one last parting tap with my high heel. The pusher of cum that erupted from him was a real record breaker. It was still spewing out of him as we closed the door and skipped off into the night."



MOONWALK

Charlie handed her a cold soft drink he'd gotten from a vending machine inside the warehouse. Catherine thanked him. Then he passed her a towel he'd also retrieved from the warehouse.

The guys have seen it on my face, the obvious question.

It's a hard love letter, man. There's nothing more beautiful than my wife's face when she's getting excited. That's it. The power's still on. It's a love letter. Later I'll put it to her and we'll both be dreaming.

(continued from page 62)

"She pointed saying, 'I must

"I'll never think of Eddie as a geek again. He may not be much of a human, but he sure knows how to give his wife pleasure."

Catherine laughed and grabbed the wine boy's hand. She led him to a wall, leaned her butt against it and spread her legs wide. She unbuttoned her dress and opened her arms to him.

He gulped and bit his lip. He was sure that both his masturbators must be able to hear the hammering of his heart. The new assistant masturbatrix was a petite girl, he could tell from the dainty click of her high-heeled footsteps. He longed for a sight of her in the luscious pumps that he knew she must be wearing. His huge erect penis pulsed between his legs.

Noreen squatted down by the big male and smiled up at Cassie with a wanton, knowing glance. "C'mon, Cassie," Noreen cooed suttily. "Be a dear and grab the sample bottle, then get down here and feast your eyes on the biggest penis you may ever see."

er stockinged toe,
masturbate him!"

But Catherine stopped back and kissed me good-bye. It was a long, French kiss, which she ended with a tongue.

were most immodest, blissfully unaware that their garter straps were revealed between the hems of their dresses and the darker reinforcements of their stocking tops. The tight rubber appeared aghast to lurch across the two sets of broad pear-shaped bottoms.

Cassie gasped and her eyes widened. The flush on her cheeks deepened two shades of crimson. "Ooh, Norren?" Cassie breathed, with an almost innocent dazedness tinging her soft voice. "Is

Noonen laughed and, in answer to Cassie's question, reached up under the male's abdomen and casually grasped his swollen penis. Noonen gave the big penis two or three casual jogs. Cassie felt her panties moisten between her legs when she watched the dorkening, stung by the blush of the male cow's glance at her. Noonen winked at the camera, then

Norren giggled and stopped pulling on the male's big penis. "You try it, Cassie!" she urged. "Go ahead. Masterbate him a little."

The string of pre-cum that had started its long, dripping descent from the slit in the tip of the penis now continued its slow quavering journey, mute evidence of the male's helpless excitement. Cassia smiled as she rubbed the big male's penis, then moved it from side to side to watch the glistening string of pre-cum swing as time to the motions of her hand. *—Mellie's Erotic Stories, Cassia's 17th Novem*

The male gazed at the sensations that tickled little hand between his legs caused him. His muscles flexed and knotted, his brow was wet with perspiration, and his heart pounded. Ever mindful of farm rules as to the conduct of male cows, he kept his eyes

downcast, regretting only that the legs and feet of the young women were not in his line of sight. The hands of his masturbators tormented him, subjecting him to an agony which, though pleasurable, was very real nonetheless. They spoke and laughed like he did not exist. Their giggles tormented his mind, while the hand of the new assistant masturbator cruelly yet gently toyed with his genitals.

"OK, Cassie, I'll begin to masturbate him, you go around in front of him and put on a high-heeled shoe. This cow does as-auch pumps?" Cassie panted, not waiting to give up the dripping toy that twitched between the male's legs so soon. "Don't worry, Cassie!" Nureen laughed. "I hadn't realized how much fun you were having! But I'll let you bring him off. I just want to tease him awhile and work him into a fine father first. It's fun! We got them panting, moaning, sweating and shaking before we bring them off!"

Cassie stood up and tottered around to the front of the male. She rested her weight on her left leg and pivoted her right foot on its spiral heel. Norren's hands now caressed the male. "Cassie, think he likes you. Ooh, he's so wet!"

Noreen Britt handled the big penis between the male's legs with a consummate, knowing skill. Her fingers gently enveloped it, subjecting the helplessness organ to a firm stimulation. After a bit, she pulled it backward so it pointed from below the male's flexing buttocks directly toward her rubber-clad leg. The male grunted and tensed the muscles of his tormented body. The bloated tip of his penis freely drenched pre-cum. It dripped on Noreen Britt's rubber

Cassie Case stood as she stood with her rubber-gloved arms folded across her breasts. She was depressed of her inability to give her husband the child he pulled back from. Cassie giggled maliciously "Norreen, did you cystrate him? When you masturbate him that way it looks like his genitals have been cut off." Norreen snickered and released the masturbator. She then turned around and upward to slap willy against his abdomen, throwing off another glowering string of pre-cum as it did not. Cassie's eyes sparkled. She stared at the twitching people inside. Her lips curled in a grin of people made. She pulled the masturbator forward between the man's legs, retracted his penis and began flailing it again. This time, Norreen pointed the organ straight downward. Cassie's nipples began to jiggle. She rubbed her hips and watched the masturbator spin.

Without thinking, Cassie slipped off her night pump and arched her stockinged foot on the cool tiles of the masturbation room floor. The male had a most alluring view of her rounded heel, high arch and naughty muffled toes.

Casson had no idea how she affected the nandy male. She wiggled her stockinged back wondrously, then raised her leg and pointed her toes like a ballerina.

Please, Norren! It must be my time to mature now! by now!" The male responded with a look of surprise. Casson's face lit up. She knew she was a woman now. Her foot so easily displaced to him. He groined, feeling his organs begin to stir, knowing that it wasn't time. Norren wasn't holding the sample bottle over the tip of his penis, nor had she applied the vacuum pump to it. The male turned every muscle, desperately trying to produce the sample. He knew he was not intended when she saw the size of his organ expand. One long squirt of sperm splashed from the male's big penis and slid across the tiled floor to step an inch from Casson's shoes. Casson's pretty mouth assumed an expression of disgust, and she stepped back on

Noreen bent down the day? She gripped the base of the male's penis and squeaked it as tightly as she could, applying maximum pressure to stop the pain. Cassie, watching Noreen's hands deftly control the swollen penis, Noreen held it pinched at the base, poised on the verge of complete orgasm. The big penis trembled just once more, and one small glob of sperm oozed from it to linger thickly at the tip. "Where? This cow almost wanted his whole load on the floor!" Noreen chuckled. "Cassie, did you give him a stockering to show?" she asked, almost reproachfully.

"I slipped out of one damn for a se-

Cassie blushed and wiggled her toes. Then she pointed her toes and slipped back into her pump. "Ooh, he likes naughty ice reinforcements, doesn't he? Can I get another, too, now?"

Noreen said yes. She took the semen pump from the liquid nitrogen cart and fitted the suction nozzle over the tip of the male's penis. She plugged the hose into the pump and ran the cable attachment of the foot pedal forward to where Cassie stood. Noreen showed Cassie how to insert the foot pedal to the cable. Then Noreen switched on the semen pump. Both masturbators now stood in front of the big machine. "OK, Cassie! Time to bring him off, now that he has

Casease smirked, her eyes flashing with pleasure as once again she slipped off her right pump. She anchored her foot deliciously and slowly brought her reinforced foot down onto the foot pedal that controlled the suction pump. The electric motor in the pump whined into high gear and the male gasped at the sucking sensation he experienced. Case giggled and raised her foot. The male watched as the pretty little toes of his assistant depressed the pedal. He moaned as the electric motor whined again and the suction drew him forward again. He closed his eyes and trembled, and then kept her foot pressed down on the pedal. The motor revved and the male continued and complied.

Cassie and Norren watched. Cassie kept the foot pedal all the way down. Weiss swelled in the base of the male's enormous penis as it jolted and heaved helplessly in the sucking rubber nozzle. The male's glassy eyes locked on Cassie's cruel little toes as he sagged forward, trembling, drenched in sweat, and began to ejaculate copiously. Cassie and Norren laughed as he writhed in torment through his long, slow climax. The semen hose jumped and slid across the floor. The greedy nozzle sucked him dry.

The glass reservoir on the side of the suction pump began to fill with his seed. His masturbators jiggled at his contortions and watched, laughing, as his eyes rolled back in his head and he collapsed forward, unconscious from the overwhelming orgasm. Cassie's mindless toes continued pumping the pedal to empty his balls. At last it was over!

"Ready for SH?" Norcen inquired, throwing a friendly arm around Casse's shoulder. Casse gave a quick nod.

DEET, HIGH HEELS, PANTIES



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9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-222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A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a red long-sleeved bodysuit with cutouts on the back and red gloves, is sitting on a patterned couch. She is looking down at a magazine she is holding in her hands. The magazine shows a picture of a person. The background is a patterned wall.

TAMARA:

A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a red long-sleeved bodysuit with cutouts on the back and red gloves, is crawling on a patterned couch. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The couch has a patterned pillow and a patterned blanket. The background is a patterned wall.

**I'M
BAAACK!**



Just what you hoped and feared, your Inquisitor is back to make you aware for the sin of self abuse. Don't deny it, your guilt is as clear as the hair on your palms. You bought this magazine with full intention of masturbating, having I warned nothing from this treatment I gave you last time. What do you say? Don't you think a repeat offender deserves a stiffer, so to speak, sentence? How else will I ever cure you of your habit?

Let me take you to my Victorian Quad, to Michel Carrison and see what the Lady Sinner of the Struck-jacket recommends. Ah, yes, young man can often be broken from the foul practice through profound demasculinizing, i.e. petticoat punishment. Excellent! One of my personal favorites as it's the most humiliating experience that can befall a man.

"Strip your clothes off, right now! Take off every thing, every vestige of masculinity, including watches and rings. Now count your shaving things and loathe up your legs. Not a whimper of protest! I want those legs shaved utterly smooth, with not a hint of stubble to snag your stockings. That's right, stockings, just like the kind you share at here on my legs and, you masturbate. Whiff, you have that razor you had better shave off all your body hair, including all those filthy little around your penis and testicles. No badges of masculinity for the likes of you!"

"Now get out the truly things. I know you have some around there, no doubt to anfil as you play with yourself. Smooth those stockings up your legs and be careful Russ and anags will not be tolerated from you, missy! Put on your garter belt, hook those stockings up nice and tight. Now put on your bra and make sure the cups are stuffed full of stockings. You would a woman be without her breasts? Now put your pumpkins. It's a tight squeeze for your big feet, isn't it? Now your feet are punched and tormented by those tight shoes maybe you'll realize what we women go through to look nice for you."

"Okay, stand back and let me look at you. Why you rusty creature. Look at your penis! It's so hard it's actually dripping! You're thinking about masturbating right now! Go get the duct tape. I command you to bend your penis, no matter how hard, back between your legs and tape it down good. I don't want that thing offending my sight a moment longer. We got a good tight grille and pull it on. There, now your penis is completely gone, turned into a lovely smooth pussy. So what's left to turn you completely into a good little girl is to slip on your laciest dress and apply your make-up. Oh, and do fluff up that hair, you can take your cues from how I do my own."

"And now I'd like you to take a walk. That's right, out in public, because I don't trust a man like you to be properly chastised just to be feminized in private. As you're walking through your neighborhood, twinking on your heels, droning, stanes and whispers, I want to feel the moral correction sinking into you. I want you to feel it and repent. And then when you get home and feel like masturbating, just remember, it'll be worse for you the next time I catch you!"





GLIMPSE

The
Case
For
Restraint

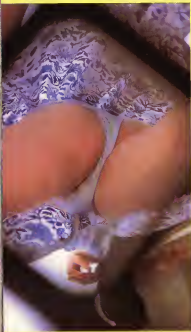


GLIMPSE

Oh I tagged onto a beauty that day! Just look at her, clear skin, elegant carriage, such shiny hair and fine long legs, even if they ended in those ugly healthy sandals. Her casual disregard for the whereabouts of her hem and a helpful breeze quickly confirmed she had on classic white cotton panties of the kind we all love. It was a fine day for a Glimpse. I followed her to the park and watched her ride on the carousel, loving her more and more for her relaxed confidence. She must have known that

her panties were revealed now and then, but her attitude said, "I can spare you men this treat, it is no threat to me." What a woman.

"One of my most exciting discoveries of the day was this girl my young beauty paused to rest on. I quickly investigated and found I could get under the grill, which goes over a part of the Metro station. What a thrill to peek up her skirt in this classic way, a way we have all dreamed of doing. I got so carried away I almost lost her, as another young beauty passed over



head, giving me a glimpse of her brightly patterned panties. I clicked off a few shots and then rushed to catch up with my girl, just in time to witness an amazing scene.

"This crazy asshole scooted right up behind my girl and knelt down. I thought he had dropped something until I saw the flash of reflection and realized he held a mirror in his hand. He was blatantly trying to look up her skirt using the mirror in the most clueless, insensitive manner possible. I held my breath but

kept my finger on the shutter as she whirled around, catching him in the act. Her reaction was priceless. Without hesitation her lovely knee flew up and sank deeply into the pit of his paunchy stomach. He fell like a ton of bricks and began flopping around on the sidewalk. She raised her foot as if considering a second kick and then decided he wasn't worth it, turned on her heel and marched away. Feeling my own tender stomach I decided to bring this Glimpse to a close and waved an admiring farewell to this lovely amazon."







Personal Please

PERSONAL PLEASE is intended to help readers meet each other for mutual satisfaction. It is not a free or service for those selling photos, services or items of clothing. Ads of this nature will not be run, though models should note that it is not possible for us to screen ads. **NO ANSWER ADS LONGER THAN 50 WORDS WILL NOT BE RUN UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.** Photos are accepted, but cannot be returned and will be run only if space permits. If you wish your ad to run every month, you must send in an ad every month. **IT TAKES A MINIMUM OF FOUR MONTHS FROM THE TIME YOUR AD IS RECEIVED BEFORE IT WILL APPEAR IN THE MAGAZINE.**

To MJS (June '90)—Up with beautiful older women! Steve in Miami. WFLX Box 20492, Alexandria, VA 22302.

SWM, 26, wants to exchange photos with any long-legged women. Send photos and SASE for reply. Also, MHS and LRL, I would love to exchange photos. Write AS, PO Box 494, Maryland, MD 20645.

LRL from June '90 issue—please contact me I would love to exchange photos with you, especially your clothing & lingerie. Doug Thomas, 5025 Stage Rd., Suite 150, Memphis, TN 38118.

Dear C&G (April '90)—I loved the pictures! Am I more available? Contact CQ (March '90) or write me. CH Day (May '90)—I'd love to have more pics to see. LRL (June '90)—I'm gone. Please contact Patrick & MM, PO Box 36201, Baltimore, MD 21206.

Like to Ash nash? Then fish Lake Superior with me on my yacht. Sleeps 6, full bath, for nude fishing or sunbathing. Details or couple's only. To book trip, write: Capt. Wren, 2201 West 12th Street, Duluth, MN 55806.

Young white attractive couple, early 30s, interested in exchanging sexy pictures and stories. We have a large selection of exciting photos of wife showing her best assets, wearing revealing skirts, stockings, garters and nipple bra's. Will answer all sincere and like couples only. B&P, PO Box 638, Fort at Hills, NY 12537-6949.

To MJS, would love to trade photos with you as seen in June '90 issue. Also would like to hear from and about photos from R.H. and "Older Ladies in Color." Your pictures were great. Bookshelves, PO Box 23, Leaside, IL 61033.

To LRL in June '90 issue—please write, interested in correspondence and photo exchange. EFW, Box 1865, Warren, OH 44462-1787.

To a Lady Hubbard, MHS, TA & NJA, & Older Ladies in Color—all photos were excellent. Let's trade. Write to: L.A.T., PO Box 8031, La Crosse, CA 92244-6121.

White male, 27, wants to meet women who have their hair and body well-kept. Also want to be dominated long term by beautiful women. So if you're the right woman write and send photo to: A.P., 750 Stirling Rd., Unit #21, Mt. Pleasant, NY 10354.



MHS and C&G, what photo to trade. Lots of leg, age, and plenty Size 36. Send photo to: Ash nash, 4000 Hanawa Dr., Suite 812, Kailua, HI 96704.

To MJS in June '90 issue—I would like to be one of your men who dominate. I'm a SWM, 28 yrs old, 4'9", and 160 lbs. I would do everything you want me to do. Write M.C., PO Box 675, Iron, NY 13087.

Lucky Hubbard—June '90—you are fortunate, now I know you. LRL—would enjoy walking on me with you, please write MJS—write and I will have your photo, will gladly trade for mine. S&A, PO Box 232, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

SWM, 26, loves women in stockings, less skirts, and pantyhose. Looking to correspond with you, single women with letters and photos. Write: R. Buzz, 445-64th St., Woodside, NY 11377.

If you would like to see a class beautiful nude of the most beautiful legs & feet doing all kinds of things, we will send. High leg, open toes, heels, pedic pushing, crawling, sleeping, lying etc. Just send your reply—only quality, no porn please. Let's have fun. MK, Box 3871, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Adm. Older Ladies in Color (June '90)—please contact older folks in Color. Older hairy older folks welcome too. Photos and correspondence to: J.P., PO Box 366, Waltham, MA 02254.

Handsome free living divorced WM, 32, seeks female with strictly bare feet for friendship and romance. I am a nice person and give fantastic foot massage. Ladies, tickle my bare soles and I'll play like a kitten. Also night and sex welcome. All letters to: Mike Stevens, 9026 Flower St., Apt 658, Bellflower, CA 90606.

LRL in June '90—Write him to show off his! Let's exchange photos. J&MJA, A Lady Hubbard, and that hot photo, will trade. Readers—have up the shot photos of wide showing panties, garters, panty hose to get more. Bookshelves, PO Box 32, Oakwood, NJ 07071.

To MJS in June '90 issue—love your photo & would like to correspond with any female who cares to write. Agos 30-50. Will answer all. Photo please. Alfred Davis, A-67802, PO Box 711, Merland, IL 61229.

LRL and MJS (June '90)—would love to trade photos. Send to KS, Box 203-684 13th Street, West Westminster, BC, V3M 4B3.

34 yr old white male, 5'7", 160 lbs, would like to correspond with any female who cares to write. Agos 30-50. Will answer all. Photo please. Alfred Davis, A-67802, PO Box 711, Merland, IL 61229.

Wanted: I want to meet women who then let me feel their sticky heels. I want to make up your toes and masturbate all over them. Let me clean your nylon covered feet and give them some TLC. Woman in Miami. Write Steve Robinson, R. P.O. Box 380, Bradford, Maine 04430.

SW, 35, female, attractive, 32, need pictures. Race not important. Attractive, unutilized, optimistic, with nice legs and curves. Give yourself a R. Photo desired if possible. Will answer all. Write Sharonoff, S. & R., please contact me. J. Andrews, 22-94 33rd St., Box 1548, Oceans, CA 91033.

My fantasy is to meet regularly with a local mature lady who enjoys wearing sexy, wet-look heels and panties. You have had, stinky feet, a wet pussy and are a nice person. I am interested in complete oral satisfaction. I'm divorced, divorce and child free. Send photo/drama to: Tony, PO Box 671, Kingsport, NY 12454.

To MJS from June '90 issue—I would love to contact you about photo exchange and beg to be your lady? By mail? Please write: Gary, PO Box 4272, Rock Island, IL 61221.

MHS, IL, executive type, tired, very cool. I want to see photos 20-30, 7'4" who will masturbate while I sleep for their. Read photos, bare chest & S&A—most, I like. Box 221, Ashbury, CA 90413.

Damp and sticky parties is what I get from putting on my own penis. I have done it to strangers? That is my fantasy! Is it yours? No pretensions! Marty, Box 236, Cary, IL 60013.

Readers, please send an information about fetish lingerie magazines, videos, and lingerie shops. I'll send you information about fetish publications in Japan. Joe Churn, C.O. Yokohama 220 Japan.

SWM in June '90 wishes to meet WFO who loves foot fetish. I also have many fine apparel & discreet replies to suit your taste. J.S.M., Suite 1054, 1318 Broadway, New York, NY 10010.

Heels, boots & garter belt fetish. SWM, 45, looking for amateur ladies for fun, sex? Married. OK with husband's knowledge. Discreet. Nothing for sale. L.S. Kewee, PO Box 7171, New Orleans, LA 70067-7171.

WM, 31, hung Italian wishes to meet New England and other area single or married, but female who need, creative alternative, or someone doesn't understand your sexual fantasies for discreet, private, fulfilling relationship. Send photos & list letter if possible & please write to contact. Michael, Box 354, Dearborn, MA 02325.

Chicago area SWM brings to submit to the SWM of a woman's feet. I would like to meet and worship your feet to please you. Seeking Letter, B, or straight women age 18-50. John, PO Box 192, Oak Ridge, IL 60063.

Ten 20+ old with gorgeous size 7 feet with spreadsheet data put right for looking. I want to correspond through letters only. All about foot & body fetish. Send your stories & fantasies. Tell this female how badly you love to stroke. Write: A.N., PO Box 890313, Bronx, NY 10439.

SWM, 30, heterosexual, 6'3", tall, 215 lbs., would like to meet women who are lingerie, stockings, and heels. Whichever you like to please and tease. Age and race unimportant. Would also like to trade photos with you. Write: J.C. to 5036 Decatur St. 55601.

Wanted: beautiful women in the Northeast. Boston-NY/Philadelphia area to both groups pictures and beautiful pictures in public for "sensual" video tape. Beards, pants. Amateur discretion. Also mutual interest. Write: J.C. to 5036 Decatur St. 55601.

What happens when you're young, hairy, and your sister has a best friend whose sexy feet drive you crazy? And she knows if she sees a story will tell you. If you've been missing these hot tales, get on the bandwagon now. Remember, your wildest wet dreams in print! Send SASE and your address to: WJ, PO Box 228, Belmar, NJ 08016-0228.

Published writer, 38, will correspond with dominant women and submissive men about female domination and foot worship. I'm especially welcome. Exchange two stories and get my article on the superiority of women. S. Wilson, PO Box 37-6436, Chicago, IL 60637.

SWM likes to write and receive mail, photos from women and couples. Let me send skirts, women's eye view—nylons, high heels, and other sexy lingerie. No video please. Write Joe Russo 4225-103, PO Box 6280, L-O-B, Three Rivers, TN 37617-4201.

Good looking white male foot slave, age 32, seeks woman all ages and rates for erotic foot worship. Let me prosper your hot, moist, mouthy feet. Nurses, waitresses especially welcome. Frank, PO Box 253, Clark County, NV 89004.

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Like sexy stories line showing off in increments daily. I'm shaved and have great legs. Send SASE and \$5 for photo samples, \$10 for set photo art, or \$10 for set of VHS video. Ann Hillson, Box 786, Hills Creek, WV 25933.



Shoe lover would like to correspond to all male or female who can send me fetish, foot fetish activities. I have a fabulous collection of sexy shoes and would like to trade shoes, photos, stories, etc. Bookshelves, PO Box 2301, Dayton, OH 45424.

Readers, please send an information about fetish lingerie magazines, videos, and lingerie shops. I'll send you information about fetish publications in Japan. Joe Churn, C.O. Yokohama 220 Japan.

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